

Afro-American Editors Wrangle.

That past election seems to have had a peculiar effect upon the Afro-American quill drivers. Whether Bryan or McKinley was the best to timeserve and other matters caused a little word drama. But aside from the humor and light heartiness, the occasion of these "opinion molders" furnishes one who is outside the battle lines, it goes to show, we are dividing upon questions affecting the country. With Fortune asking Harry Smith will he be good, and Manning of The Indianapolis World coming to Smith's rescue is a pretty scene. Because Mr. Smith would not sing "Be True Bright Eyes." Fortune scored him in the following style:

"Editor Harry C. Smith, of the Cleveland Gazette—now, will you be good? During the entire campaign you have chased with the hare and run with the hound. You now have the satisfaction of having contributed nothing to the election of the republican ticket and of having abused good friends who never did him any evil, but hope that you may live long and continue to grow fat. But calmly, looking at the result with the eye of philosophy, answer us this question will you be good?"

Brother Manning after leading with an excellent editorial on "What Constitutes an Editor" takes up Editor Smith's cause and fires back at the impressive New York Sage, under the caption "Fortune off his Base" and has the following to say:

"We are sorry to see this disposition on the part of the Age, to indulge in cheap claptrap at the expense of a man like Mr. Smith, who has done so much for his race. While others have sat around nursing their hands, lamenting over the lynching of Negroes, and bemoaning the unjust race prejudice, Mr. Smith has done something. The same mail that brought the Age containing the above, brought us also a copy of Mr. Smith's paper—Cleveland Gazette—and from its editorials we clip this paragraph:

"After nearly a four year's contest in the courts, our Ohio anti-lynching law was adjudged constitutional by the state Supreme Court last winter in February or March. Since then the heirs of "Click" Mitchell, of Urbana, have won a suit for \$5,000 against 'Champaign county and the venerable Edward Jackson, of Logan county, his for \$1,000. He was injured by a mob of white brutes while "Click" Mitchell was most brutally murdered. It was in 1894 we started out to place such a law in Ohio's statutes. In 1896 we succeeded. Happy? Well, I guess."

And he has cause to be happy. Alone and unaided he took up the fight against lynching in the only way that is likely to prove successful, by striking at the pocket books of the lynchers and now after six years, he can enjoy the full fruition of his hopes.

Already other states are seriously considering the merits of this Ohio anti-lynching law as a remedy for mob violence that promises to accomplish something. And because Mr. Smith has had the courage to voice his convictions, and refused to crook the hinges of the knee to the party boss, he must be made the butt of the silly ridicule of such papers as the Age. The trouble is that Mr. Smith has already "been good" to a lot of people who, it seems, cannot appreciate his goodness."

In the meantime Editor Smith was preparing a companion piece to that love ditty of this "Be True Bright Eyes" and Mr. Indianapolis World poses as the champion of the under dog.

Mr. Fortune, rejoicing over the election, did not like Will E. King's magnificent flops and told him so in the same issue of the Smith episode. To our surprise King answered without

cursing the man from the Empire State clean out of his Cedar street office. Here is the little offence and how they settled it:

ADVICE FROM NEW YORK.

The New York Age, after bulldozing and browbeating the Dallas Express for a while last week, appeared in the roll of adviser, and these are the words it said:

Some of these days William E. King of the Dallas Express will learn that an editor, like a kite without a tail, will get nothing by gyrating around the ranch and hitting at everything in sight just for the fun of hitting and gyrating. What he wants to do is to stop kicking at honest men and honest principles and go in for a reorganization of republican politics in Texas, so that the race may get some advantages out of it—such advantage and prestige as it enjoyed under the only Norris Wright Cuney. Mr. King knows very well from our point of view that he is alright when he is not all wrong, and that he is in too many instances wrong instead of right. What we want him to do is to so act that we can know in the morning if we shall find him where we left him the night before.

And the Express answered, saying:

Now, in our opinion, the editor of the Dallas Express has struck only the fellow who struck him. This turning of cheek lumber two after having cheek number one beaten into mince meat, don't go in Texas. The editor of the Dallas Express is not able to stand in one place and do his share to bring about the reorganization which Mr. Fortune would like to see; but being on the ground, he walks around the tree of circumstances and reloads and fires, where firing is most effective. We cannot guarantee Mr. Fortune that he can find us at a certain place tomorrow, just because we were there yesterday, but will demand of him to keep up or fall out of the procession. Thoughtful Texas republicans are working for a reorganization, and "hitting and gyrating" are on the program.

And Julius F. Taylor, the Broadax man, untrue to his past record, but true to the journalistic spirit, in replying to a little thrust from The Colored American as follows:

Now that Bryan is defeated and he is not assured of a job, Jule Taylor will probably force "The Negro and Political Parties," which has been running in his paper on the American people in book form.—Colored American.

Says:

Friend Cooper, we are not looking for any job at present, neither do we intend inflicting the American people with our articles, "The Political Parties and The Negro," but from hence, if we live, we will be in Washington and assist in helping induct the President into the White House and he will be a Democrat. In the meantime we would very much delight to hear of you getting a front seat at the pie counter.

Brother Cooper for you are deserving of something very fine from the hands of President McKinley.

In the meantime Col. Pledger was down in Georgia gloating over his great victory in the West; repenting of his virulence to Bishop Turner.

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